

The Chronicles of Life and Death

Good Charlotte

You come in cold
You're covered in blood
They're all so happy you've arrived
The doctor cuts your chord
He hands you to your mom
She sets you free into this life
And where do you go with no destination, no maps to guide you
Wouldn't you know that it doesn't matter, we all end up the same

These are the chronicles of life and death and everything between
These are the stories of our lives, as fictional as they may seem
You come in this world, and you go out just the same
Today could be the best day of your life

And money talks in this world
That's what idiots will say
But you'll find out that this world
Is just an idiots parade
Before you go, you've got some questions
And you want answers
But now you're old, cold, covered in blood
Right back to where you started from

These are the chronicles of life and death and everything between
These are the stories of our lives, as fictional as they may seem
You come in this world, and you go out just the same
Today could be the worst day of your life

But these are the chronicles of life and death and everything between
These are the stories of our lives, as fictional as they may seem
You come in this world, and you go out just the same
Today could be the best day of
Today could be the worst day of
Today could be the last day of your life
It's your life, your life

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